

RIVER BRIDGE WORK FOR POOR

Her Chosen Field of Labor in
Chicago "Foulest Place
on Earth."

MECCA FOR IMMIGRANTS

Denizens Herded Together Like Cat-
tle in Cramped and Filthy
Quarters.

GOOD WORK OF HULL HOUSE

Settlement Founded by Miss Addams Doing
Much to Better Conditions of Sec-
tion and Inhabitants.

[SPECIAL DESPATCH TO THE HERALD.]
CHICAGO, Ill., Saturday.—When Miss
Addams, daughter of William J.
Bryan, puts her determination to become a
worker in the Hull House Settlement into
effect, late in the fall, and takes up her
residence in the big philanthropic insti-
tution in South Halsted street, she will find
herself in the heart of one of the most in-
teresting places in the world. Because of
the many peculiar elements of which the
neighborhood is composed it is doubtful if
its counterpart can be found anywhere
else. Almost every nationality is repre-
sented here, and the poverty and
wealth and culture brush shoulders almost
every minute of the day and night.
In W. T. Stead's "If Christ Came to
Chicago" Halsted street in this section was
described as "the foulest place on earth—
a veritable cesspool, a thoroughfare
lined on both sides with nothing but sal-
oons and pawnshops, the home of more
families to the square mile than are to be
found in many of the smaller cities."
The picture may, perhaps, be a little
overdrawn. At present a store or shop
over the heads of the men mentioned will be
found at possibly every fifth number. As to
the population, the only way to describe it
is to say that there are herds and herds of
denizens, with children predominating in
numbers. On a summer evening from pas-
sage along the walks and curbs is not pos-
sible.

CHILDREN IN THE STREETS.
The only playground for the children is
the street. The trolley cars play scores of
times every month, other accidents of vari-
ous sorts take their toll, and disease car-
ries away many more, but still the num-
ber increases, and the most serious prob-
lem confronting the sociologists who work
in the locality is how to stem the tide and
better the conditions of those whom fate
has waited that way.

In Halsted street the inhabitants live
over saloons and pawnshops. In the side
streets they are housed like cattle in ram-
shackle buildings. A bunch of hay in a
corner of one living room of many of the
families is the only bed they have. In the
summer time they sleep on the roof, the
children without a fire leaf to cover their
nakedness. Doorways and improvised
benches on the sidewalk are the only re-
fuges for many others of those who can-
not find space on the roof.

A good share of these children find em-
ployment in the sweatshops and factories
in the neighborhood. The number is not
so large at this time, however, because of
the stringent child labor law enacted in the
last session of the General Assembly. The
passage of this law was secured through
the efforts of the Hull House workers.
The men of the families, for the most part,
are hucksters or fakirs.

MECCA OF THE IMMIGRANT.
The locality is the Mecca of the immi-
grant. While the conditions are frightful,
they are considered preferable to the tyran-
ny of old country governments, and
after a newcomer has been here a short
time he is sure to make America's toler-
ant spirit known to oppressed relatives
and friends he has left behind, and in due
course they arrive, the men to follow the



MISS JANE ADDAMS,
HEAD WORKER OF HULL HOUSE CHICAGO.

MISS ADDAMS, FOUNDER OF THE SETTLEMENT, AND MISS BRYAN, HER LATEST RECRUIT.

pursuits of their countrymen and the chil-
dren to enter the factory and sweatshop
after a little training.
While the locality is called the Ghetto,
it is not so in the strictest sense. Italians,
French, Russians, Poles and various other
Slav races have settlements, separating
which are only imaginary dividing lines.
To better the conditions of these res-
idents a band of women, headed by Miss
Jane Addams, invaded the district a dozen
or more years ago and opened Hull House
Settlement. That they have succeeded in
beat shown by the many enlargements to
the original small building, by the scores
and scores of social clubs formed primar-
ily for study, by the establishment of sew-
ing circles to instruct the women and girls
in the ways of needle work, of creches for
the care of the children and of manual
training rooms for the instruction of boys.
Hull House is hospitable and tolerant in
spirit. It represents an attempt to make
social intercourse express the growing
sense of the economic unity of society.
It was opened on the theory that the
dependence of classes on each other is re-
ciprocal, and that as the social relation is
essentially a reciprocal relation it gives a
form of expression that has peculiar value.
One evening Italians are guests of the
house. Entire families attend. Many ed-
ucated sons of Italy lend aid, and the

PROGRESS RAZES MANY NOTED HOMESTEADS

City's March Northward Has
Destroyed Many Famous
Old Mansions.

"GHOSTS" STILL REMAIN

Riverside Drive Extension and the
Subway Deliver Crushing
Blows to Landmarks.

AS this great city creeps ever north-
ward it obliterates the natural
features of the country side much
after the manner of the glaciers of
the ice age. The rugged knolls are
placed away and their debris goes
to fill and level valley and ravine
to suit the exigencies of the coming build-
ers; its brick and mortar pour shears
through the granite cliff where for years
the coat of armor has browsed unmo-
lested, and at the first churl-chuff of the
steam drill the Harlem squatter packs his
few belongings and flees toward the
Bronx.

A few weeks more and the purling brook
is buried beneath acres of stone and as-
phalt; the ancient oaks that hold in their
gnarled heart wood bullets fired by sol-
diers of King George III. are gone, and
where the country mansion of other days
stood rise serried ranks of tall apartment
houses.

Here and there down town the wave of
progress has spared some old time resi-
dence for a few years at the most, but
"the course of empire" northward in this
case, has nearly filled Manhattan to the
edges with the boxlike structures that
modern architects build.

An Old Time Oasis.
There is remaining one spot, however,
where the city has as yet but little en-
croached. When the vanguard of munici-
pal progress crossed the deep valley be-
yond Claremont it paused at the base of
the forest crowned ridge that lies along
the Hudson in the northwest and, baffled
here by a sort of real estate trust, made
a detour up Amsterdam avenue and
began an insidious flank movement under
cover of which the city boldly attacked
front by way of the great new viaduct
which is destined to carry Riverside Drive
to the uttermost end of the island.

In the end the demon of encroachment
conquered and the sylvan retreats on the
cliffs above the great river have been
touched by the finger of death, for already
an avalanche of cinders, broken bottles
and tin cans has crept out from the north-
ern end of the viaduct as far as 138th
street, and is only waiting for the bridge
to be built over that thoroughfare before it
continues its march.

Here is the region of the decayed coun-
try mansion. Years ago when a broad road
led from the city through these wooded
heights, it was the abode of aristocracy
and wealth, as wealth went in those days.
There were many fine old fashioned man-
sions surrounded by spacious grounds of
woodland and meadow that occupied the
heights west of where the Boulevard now
runs.

Homes of Bygone Days.
Almost all have by this time totally dis-
appeared, yet from 135th street to Trin-
ity Cemetery may still be found a few of
the derelict homes of bygone days, over-
grown crumbling roofs and rankly over-
grown lawns the great oaks still keep
watch and ward, hiding with loyal care
their scaling paint and sagging verandas
from the ornate apartment houses that
rear their thin cornices skyward a short
block away.

In the earlier days the Lawrence home-
stead stood on the hillcock at the south-
western corner of the Boulevard and 135th
street, but save for a heap of tumbled
brickwork and the cellar excavation all
that remains of that once splendid man-
sion is the memory. Even the long hill
that led from the house toward 131st
street—the finest hill for coasting on the
island—has been excavated and hauled
away for building sand.

Across the street stands the shattered
ruin of the old Donnelly mansion. Up to
a year ago it was hidden in the depths of
Donnelly's Woods, a forest that extended
from the Hebrew Orphan Asylum to 134th



MISS RUTH BRYAN

any of the three reception rooms and the
gymnasium.
"I think," Miss Addams says, "our great
success comes from the fact that the re-
laxation of students and faculty to each
other and to the residents is that of guest
and hostess. Our guests seem so eager
to learn that tutoring is constantly going
on among the students themselves. Upon
this basis excellent work has been done
in our college extension classes."
There is a branch of the public library
in the building, and the institution en-
courage thirty by its Penny Provident
Fund Savings Bank. The creche relieves
many tired mothers who are compelled to
work. In short, the settlement has worked
vast improvements in the condition of
many of the residents of the neighbor-
hood, not only through its own efforts, but
through the influences it has brought to
bear on the civic authorities for the im-
provement of the alleys and streets for the
Municipal Order League.
There are various other clubs of young
folk who meet weekly, their number be-
ing limited only by the accommodation in
the house. The dining room, reception
room and octagon are used each evening
for the college extension classes. Many
other organizations are at liberty to use



THE OLD TIME
RESIDENCE OF
JOHN E. DEVELIN

street. Recently the cross streets have
been cut through, the forest eradicated
and the rolling ground leveled, and in the
process from ten to forty feet depth of
rock has been removed, leaving the old
house high on a pedestal so scant that in
places the walls overhang, but in spite of
its decrepitude and the alien swarm who
are its present tenants it is still imposing.

Nesting the End.
During the day it is shaken by detona-
tions of dynamite, and to escape the fly-
ing rocks the lower story windows have
been boarded up. The wooden verandas,
too, have disappeared, and here and there
for coal has been high, and here and there
sections of the walls have fallen, so the
probabilities are that a few more weeks
will see its end.

When Charles Donnelly built the house
some sixty or seventy years ago it was
one of the most pretentious mansions in
the upper end of the island; later it passed
into the hands of his brother, Edward M.,
a former Tax Commissioner of New York
city and an officer in the Emigrant Sav-
ings Bank, and became noted for its lav-
ish entertainments and the brilliancy of
the society that gathered there. The in-
terior is said to have been exquisitely de-
corated and furnished, and some vestiges of
its former comeliness survive to this day
in the remains of the old mantels and
carved balustrade.

Street Where Laid Was.

The Donnelly's were deeply attached to
their church, and had a handsomely fitted
chapel on the upper floor, where the
neighbors were wont to attend mass.
Those who as children fifty years ago at-
tended services in the old house still re-
member the life size painting of Arch-
bishop Hughes, that was one of the won-
ders of the place, as it stood in the centre
of the wide hall between the two wind-
ing stairways leading to the floor above.

The shady lawn took in several blocks
and sloped down to a little lake among the
oaks, where were rustic seats and a de-
lightful summer house. All vestiges of
the lake are now gone, and 134th street
crosses the spot. From here a small creek
tumbled in cascades down the hillside—the
J. Hood Wright Hospital stands in its
abandoned bed—and meandered through
the Lorrain place, now the grounds of
the convent of the Sacred Heart, thence
through Morningside Park and to the
Harlem River, in Central Park.

The entire estate is now marked off into
building lots, the common fate of its
neighbors, and soon will give way to
crowded rows of houses.
Just across the Boulevard from the Don-
nelly mansion stands the former home of
Oswald Ottendorfer, who owned the Staats-
Zeltung. The building itself has well re-
sisted the ravages of time, though it had
passed through several successive hands
before it came into Mr. Ottendorfer's pos-
session.

Eugene Kelly's Place.
Eugene Kelly, banker, and once City
Chamberlain, built the house, and from its
windows could be had a most entrancing
view of the Hudson. His grounds extend-



THE OTTENDORFER MANSION

as a place of retreat, and many women of
New York's most fashionable society come
here a few weeks retirement and
prayer during the Lenten season for the
purpose of receiving religious teaching in the midst
of the sylvan quiet that reigns in the shadows
of its pines; a silence that, said to say, will
soon be broken as the drive will cut the
splendid lawn in half.

Nans Driven Away.
It is said that the Sisters of St. Regis
will abandon the house for a new place
further out of the city and that their
present building will be occupied by an
order as a parochial school, but at
the moment they would not discuss their
future plans.

The house is the old homestead of
Thomas C. Fields, of Tweed ring memory,
and is an elaborate structure even for
these days. Fields was Corporation Coun-
sellor of the city for some time and held
several important political positions. Upon
his troubled career, beside being the
"boss" of the district, and many old resi-
dents of the Heights remember the portly
figure of the politician as he swaggered
about the stage office at Old Broadway
and 131st street.

"Look at me," he used to shout at some
self-willed voter. "I own this district!"
and slipping his pocket, "An' I carry it
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THE OLD TIME
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Memories of Thomas C. Fields
and Others Recalled
by Ruins.

Real Estate Truists, Cinders and
Broken Bottles Threaten the Syl-
van Retreats Beyond Claremont.

take away the subtle, aristocratic dignity
from its weather beaten face.
In its time it was a handsome place, for
the shady knoll on which it stands, far
above the street, commands a fine view
of the river. The tract hereabouts was
called "Develin's Woods" and contained
a number of very fine homesteads, most
of which have disappeared.

Vanished Homesteads.
One of these vanished homesteads was
that of Robert O. Glover, which stood a
stone's throw north of the Develin house,
at the foot of 134th street, where now
stands, behind its barred gates, the beau-
tiful, turreted "Magdalen" Home. The
news of the extension of Riverside Drive
came as a bad blow to these, who conduct
this noble charity. From the nature of
their work, the isolation that the place
has always enjoyed is most essential,
and the proximity of the popular thor-
oughfare, which will pass within a few
feet of the building, robs it of its chief
requisite, so the place was lately sold.

Adjoining the "Magdalen" Home, the
north is a very beautiful old homestead, in
the midst of a wide, shady lawn, now
known as the House of St. Regis. It is
conducted by an order of French nuns

From the time that Mr. Wiser left his
trade of organ builder in 1888 to become a
New Haven policeman he has been known
as a policeman who made few arrests. The
reason was not that he failed to do his
duty, but that he managed to prevent the
commission of misdemeanors. On several
"beats," or rounds, on which he was sta-
tioned he made friends of the elements
that usually were disastrous to the tri-
bune tone down the neighborhood to peace
and quiet.

When necessity imposed the duty he sent
the disturber to headquarters in the patrol
wagon, but always without clubbing him
or throwing the prisoner about with show
of roughness.

One instance that is well authenticated
is spoken of by policemen in which Wiser
took chances against a crowd of men. He
went into a house to quell a disturbance
alone, but at the threshold was told by a
little group of men known generally as
"toughs" that if he should need help inside
"just call us and we'll be up to see you
through."

STUDIED MEDICINE ALSO.
To those who know Mr. Wiser he is a
fund of interest. For many years he has
studied medicine in an experimental fash-
ion. His house in Exchange street, Fair
Haven, contains a well appointed work-
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There he has gallons of chemicals, hun-
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Develin Home Doomed.
Across 135th street, to the north, stands
the old home of John E. Develin, who was
once Corporation Counsel of New York
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driveway, it must shortly come down, and
in fact, disintegration of its own accord
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ON "POLITICAL HILL"

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When necessity imposed the duty he sent
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PULPIT GOAL OF WILE POSESSOR

Willis G. Wiser, of New Ha-
ven Department, Will Be-
come Baptist Preacher.

SPARE TIME IN STUDY

Professors and Students Aid Him in
Return for the Many Things He
Has Done for Them.

WELL VERSED IN MEDICINE

He Will Be Enrolled as a Special Student
at the University if Police Regu-
lations Will Permit It.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Saturday.—
CONVINCED that he was wasting
valuable time, Policeman Willis G.
Wiser one dark night several years
ago, while he was patrolling the
Yale campus, made a resolution to
devote his spare time to study, with
the ultimate object of becoming a
Baptist minister.

From patrol to pulpit seemed a far cry.
To him, fast nearing middle age, it seemed
almost an impossibility, but with the same
quiet determination that has character-
ized him as a policeman he set about plan-
ning for the long and arduous course of study,
harder to him at his age.

Mr. Wiser is now forty-five years of age
and a man of family. He is more than
six feet in height, with broad shoulders
and deep chest. He has a serious but
kindly manner, which has won for him
the friendship of the three or four thou-
sand students of Yale with whom he has
come in more or less intimate contact dur-
ing nearly ten years of police duty on the
campus.

To the graduates and the students who
know him the announcement that he will
enter the ministry in the course of a year
or so will come as a surprise. Mr. Wiser
and his colleagues, James J. Donnelly,
have been regarded as landmarks, in a
sense, on the campus. No one knew that
Wiser was studying for the ministry,
though to many his studious habit was
known.

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trade of organ builder in 1888 to become a
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In the policemen's quarters in Old South
Middle Hall on the campus is an emer-
gency cupboard in which he has nearly all
the drugs and medicines, all in small quan-
tities, known to medical practice as re-
quisites for the lesser ailments of the human
body. Often students call on him for his
or that little trouble, and generally the
policeman knows what to give. Coughs
and colds, sprains, bruises, that tired feel-
ing, find in his medicine case their respec-
tive antidotes.

THE OTTENDORFER MANSION

as a place of retreat, and many women of
New York's most fashionable society come
here a few weeks retirement and
prayer during the Lenten season for the
purpose of receiving religious teaching in the midst
of the sylvan quiet that reigns in the shadows
of its pines; a silence that, said to say, will
soon be broken as the drive will cut the
splendid lawn in half.

Nans Driven Away.
It is said that the Sisters of St. Regis
will abandon the house for a new place
further out of the city and that their
present building will be occupied by an
order as a parochial school, but at
the moment they would not discuss their
future plans.

The house is the old homestead of
Thomas C. Fields, of Tweed ring memory,
and is an elaborate structure even for
these days. Fields was Corporation Coun-
sellor of the city for some time and held
several important political positions. Upon
his troubled career, beside being the
"boss" of the district, and many old resi-
dents of the Heights remember the portly
figure of the politician as he swaggered
about the stage office at Old Broadway
and 131st street.

"Look at me," he used to shout at some
self-willed voter. "I own this district!"
and slipping his pocket, "An' I carry it
right here!"

Old Politics Recalled.
One incident that showed his great
power was when he defeated Horatio Sey-
mour for Assemblyman in this district,
although Seymour was the most popular
man in the State at the time and Fields
was running on an independent ticket.

Develin Home Doomed.
Across 135th street, to the north, stands
the old home of John E. Develin, who was
once Corporation Counsel of New York
city. Being directly in the path of the
driveway, it must shortly come down, and
in fact, disintegration of its own accord
seems imminent. It is a shabby, neg-
lected, overgrown place now, with a rot-
ting fence and prostrate pine, and in the
yard festoons of poison ivy mingle with
the rank weeds and matted grass. A pub-
lic bath, too, in front of the house is a
new and unpicturesque feature, yet not
even age and neglect